

Lazy morning by Jancys-Blue-Bayou

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Summary: Jonathan wants to make breakfast. Nancy wants to stay in bed. And she wants him to stay there too.

Lazy morning

A/N: Day 6 of Jancy Fanfic Week! This spawned from another adorable headcanon by iamthethumperanon on Tumblr: "Nancy refuses to let Jonathan leave bed on the weekends. He'll try to get up and make breakfast, but she'll wrap herself around his back and act as a weight to prevent him from getting up."

He untangles himself from his girlfriend and presses a kiss to her shoulder before sitting up, ready to get out of bed and get started on breakfast.

"Noooo," she whines, voice muffled slightly by her face half-buried in his pillow. Without opening her eyes she reaches out and grabs his shoulder, pulling him down again. He laughs as he crash down again and she resettles herself against him. "Don't move," she mumbles into the pillow and his shoulder.

"Nance I gotta make breakfast," he chuckles while letting his hand run up and down her back.

"No you don't," she counters.

He's not one to protest though, especially when Nancy is pressed up against him and tracing his jawline with her delicate fingers. He supposes he can lay around for a bit.

When he tries to get up again a couple of minutes later she hangs both arms around him and pulls him down yet again.

"Five more minutes," she mumbles into the crook of his neck.

"Fine," he sighs.

Five minutes pass. He tries again. She pulls him down again.

"Nance it's been five minutes."

"No it hasn't," she protests.

"Yes it has."

"No."

"Yes."

"Not by my time."

"You have your own time now?"

"Yes."

Exasperated he tries to untangle himself and get up once again. Once again she firmly pulls him down.

"Nance, you can stay in bed," he offers.

"Not fun without you. Less comfy too."

"Aren't you hungry?" He asks.

"No," she answers but her stomach immediately betrays her by growling. She smacks him on the arm when he laughs.

"Well, I am," he states and starts to get up again but once again she pulls him down and holds him down against the pillows, draping an arm across his chest.

"Naaaance, I wanna eat," he whines.

"You can eat me out instead," she blurts out. He chokes on nothing but air.

"Lovely offer, but my mom and Will might be awake, so..."

"So what?"

"Well um... you can be quite loud."

"Shut up!"

"I wish you could," he retorts, earning him another smack on the arm.

Suddenly he has a Eureka moment. He knows her weakness. Her only weakness. Shifting slightly for a better angle he dives in with his hands to her sides. She lets out a yelp and squeals as he starts to tickle her. She squirms under him and beats on his chest with loose fists while laughing uncontrollably. He sees his chance and turns away to get up.

But damn, she is quick. In a flash she throws her arms over his shoulders again and tries to weigh him down into the pillows again. But while he previously frankly let her pull him down, because she's not that strong, he resists the urge now, instead putting his feet on the floor and standing up. But she doesn't let go, tightening her grip over his shoulders and hooking her feet around his hips.

"Nance," he laughs.

"Let's go back to bed," she murmurs into his ear.

"No."

Since she won't let go he resolves to just walk out of his room with her on his back. He's clad in one of his t-shirts and a pair of boxers. She is too. Or well, she claims it's hers now. He's not one to argue because it looks better on her. Everything does. Plus, he never wins against her anyway. She is *very* persuasive. He actually counts this as a win, as he strides into the kitchen while she nuzzles his neck.

Despite the delays they're still up before his mom and Will. He's always been more of an early riser than them. He goes to the fridge, opening it to get the necessary items out. Nancy shivers and whines against the cold, it make him both laugh and roll his eyes. He goes to the coffee maker and pours water in. He puts in a filter and reaches for the coffee jar, she takes the spoon and pours a lot of its content into the filter, mumbling that she's tired. Like he hadn't already surmised that. He pours more water in to compensate.

He turns on the stove and starts frying eggs and bacon. Historically, the smell of food has always been known to raise the rest of the Byers clan. It works magic this morning aswell, soon they hear footsteps of both his mom and little brother entering the kitchen, mumbling good mornings.

"What are you doing?" Will asks, looking at him at the stove, with Nancy still on his back, resting her head against his shoulder.

"Making breakfast," he simply answers.

Will shakes his head, exasperated and confused. His mom wears an amused expression on her face. They sit down at the table.

It's not until the coffee is brewed that Nancy slides down from him. She makes her way over to the counter, takes out three cups out of the cupboard and pours for his mom, him and herself. She swigs half of her cup in three large sips right away and then refills it again, before she puts down one on the table for his mom and gives one to him. Her change in energy level as soon as she's caffeinated is almost comical.

"Oh hey, you're up too?" he can't resist but tease. She makes a face at him before sitting down at the table, launching into conversation with his mom and Will.

He was happy and content to stand at the stove, finishing making breakfast and listening to Nancy, Will and Mom at the table. Another lazy day with the people he loved, this was all he needed from the world.